

THE
K Gamesters Garland:

Being a Choice Collection of Two

SONGS.

Song I. The Roving Cheats laid Open;
or, The Cowley Farmer Bubbled by 'em
of Fifth Pounds, at *Abingdon-Fair*, on the
of *September*.

Song II. The kind Cou ple soon agreed
or, A Patern for true Lovers.



Licensed according to Order.

THE

 Gamester's Garland, &c.

*The Roving Cheats laid Open : or, The Cow-
 ley Farmer Bubbled by 'em of fifty Pounds;
 at Abington-Fair, on the 26th of Septem-
 ber.*

To the Tune of the Begger-Wench of Hull.

GOOD People all, I pray draw near,
 You of two cheating Blades shall hear;
 A scurvy Trick by them was done,
 But the last Fair at *Abington*,
Sing falara lalara la la la.

Unto an Inn one Cheater come,
 To try if he could make his Game
 Amongst some honest Country-men,
 But quickly took his leave of them.
Sing, &c.

But presently he back did come,
 And looked up and down the Room,
 And said a Silver Box he lost,
 Which twenty Shillings did him cost.
Sing, &c.

But since 'tis gone, e'en let it go,
 I'll drink a Pot or two with you :
 You're welcome, Sir the People cry'd,
 Then for his Game he did provide.
Sing, &c.

The other Cheat he came anon,
And asked for a Gentleman
Which promis'd for to meet him there,
To help him to an Ambling Mare.

Sing, &c.

Then looking on his Brother Cheat,
With Complements he did him Greet;
And said that it was something Rude,
Into his Presence to Intrude.

Sing, &c.

Good Sir, you're welcome unto me,
And to said all the Company :
Streight then his Eyes he fixt upon
By chance, a Greedy Country-man.

Sing, &c.

With Ruffet Coat, and Coller-band,
A Miser you shall understand;
A good Estate he had and Rich,
And yet a mortal griping Wretch.

Sing, &c.

Here Master, unto you I'll drink,
You are an honest Man, I think,
So presently he laid a Ginn
To catch the silly Woodcock in.

Sing, &c.

A Pack of Cards one Cheat pull'd out,
His base design to bring about :
Quoth he, to pass away the time,
I'll show a Trick or Two of mine.

Sing, &c.

Then

Then to the other Cheater did say,
Come draw a Card, good Sir, I pray
Who presently a Card did draw,
Which by the by, the Farmer saw.

Sing, &c.

Sir, what's the Card? the Sharper cry'd,
The Ace of Diamonds he reply'd;
And would lay a hundred Pound
That was the Card, and stak'd it down.

Sing, &c.

The other starts up in a Rage,
And swore he'd fifty Pounds Engage
The Card is not the Dimond Ace,
I tell you so unto your Face.

Sing, &c.

The Farmer having seen the Card,
Thought he't shall 'scape me very hard,
But I'll some of this Money win,
I'll also for the Plate put in.

Sing, &c.

Then seven Pound he down did stake,
Your Fifty I'll a Hundred make
If you'll to Oxford go, he cry'd,
For there the Wager shall be try'd.

Sing, &c.

With all my Heart the Cheater said,
The which the hundred Pound had laid,
You may go halves, Sir, if you please,
I have of Money will you ease.

Sing, &c.

Then

Then for some Paper he did call,
Wax, Candle, Pen and Ink withal,
The Card we safely up will seal,
Until to Judgment we appeal.

Sing, &c.

And on the Paper write also
The manner of our Wager too,
If it do prove the Dimond Ace,
The Wager's mine, this is the case.

Sing, &c.

If any other Card appear,
The Wager's yours I do declare:
And Farmer you the Paper keep,
It shall be try'd before we sleep.

Sing, &c.

And then the Reckoning they did pay,
And streight to *Oxford* post away,
The Farmer's Partner prov'd kind,
And let the Woodcock ride behind.

Sing, &c.

And when they came to *Oxford Town*,
They both dismounted at the *Crown*,
The other went unto the *George*,
That did this cheating Project forge.

Sing, &c.

The other Cheat and Farmer were,
Both at the *Crown* as you do hear:
The Farmer forty Pounds and Three,
Did borrow there a Fool to be.

Sing, &c.

The

The Cheater he the Money told,
 And in his Bag soon put the Gold;
 Then whispering the Farmer, cry'd
 Let's go, and have our Wager try'd.
Sing, &c.

The *Mare-maid* Tavern was the Place,
 Appointed to decide the case,
 Pray let us go without delay,
 The Gentleman for us doth stay.
Sing, &c.

And there they called for a Room,
 The other Cheater was not come:
 A Pint of Wine they call'd for too,
 The Farmer little thought to rue.
Sing, &c.

The Cheater then did seem to fret;
 Can he his Promise thus forget?
 I'll find him out unto his Cost,
 The Wager he has fairly lost.
Sing, &c.

He shall not think to serve us so,
 He's at the *George*, I'll thither go.
 But took with him the Farmer's Gold,
 And left the Fool the Dog to hold.
Sing, &c.

Soon from the Inn he took his Steed,
 And out of Town did ride with speed,
 The Cheater being some-time gone,
 The Farmer did himself Bemoan.
Sing, &c.

Quoth

Quoth he, I will no longer stay;
Paid for the Wine, and went his way
Unto his Landlord, at the Crown,
And cry'd, I doubt the Money's gone.

Sing, &c.

A Trick, a Trick I see it plain,
'Tis but a Folly to complain:
The Landlord, cry'd, Sir, that may be,
If you are trick'd, you shan't trick me.

Sing, &c.

The Farmer you shall understand,
Was forc'd to enter into Bond,
The Money back again to pay;
And now he's Bound, he must Obey.

Sing, &c.

You Country Farmers all beware,
And be not caught in such a Snare:
Take Warning by this Miseres Fate,
Least you Repent when 'tis too late.

Sing, &c.

Song II. *The kind Couple soon agreed; Or, A-
Patern for true Lovers.*

A RT thou some Goddess that standeth here,
or a lovely Creature made so fair,
I am no Goddess that standeth here
but a lovely Creature made so fair:
I a Shepherd's Daughter, kind Sr. am I,
Feeding my Flocks low in yonder Valey,
Under the Mountains High.

The

The blithest Lad that shot at me,
 and with his Arrow pearcht my Heart,
 It's he alone can set me free,
 'tis he that causeth all my Smart ;
 Go not away Love be not so coy,
 Thou art my Love, dearest charming Creature,
 And my only Joy.

Upon your Finger, Love, wear this Ring,
 and always keep it for my sake,
 I'll spend my Days in wandering
 and in some Grove a Cave will make,
 Where none but small Board shall ring my Bell ;
 Farewel my Love, dearest charming Creature,
 I must bid Farewel.

She spoke with such a chearful Voice,
 Since she wou'd fain make me her choice,
 Then will I never say her nay,
 In Mirth they past the time away :
 with Complements, of Love and Kisses sweet,
 O the Joy of Love, when we both together
 in one Bed shall meet.

So Hand in Hand this Couple walkt,
 And to each other thus did talk,
 Of there sweet Complements of Love
 In praising of the Powers above,
 where she's contented with her choice ;
 In the Meadows where she sung so sweetly,
 with her charming Voice.

I understand this Couple they
 Prepared for the Wedding-day ;
 But now a Days there's few that prove
 So constant as these two in Love :
 but now the happy Knot is ty'd,
 Where the Lady gay deck'd in rich Attire
 waiting on the Bride.

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